

# Santa Fe Weekly Gazette.

VOLUME II.

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, DECEMBER 4, 1852.

NUMBER 24.

## Santa Fe Weekly Gazette.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY  
WILLIAM DREW.

### TERMS.

WEEKLY—\$5 a year, payable invariably in advance; single copies 12 1-2 cents. Advertisements, \$1 50 per square of ten lines for the first insertion, and \$1 for every subsequent insertion.

### SANTA FE HOUSE.

LOUIS DORRENCE, Proprietor.

THE above House has just been completed and opened in the city of Santa Fe, is entirely new and in every way commodious, and has attached to it a corral, and adobe Stables sufficient for the accommodation of one hundred horses. The best accommodations will be offered to travellers and permanent boarders, and every means used to contribute to their comfort. This House is situated between the Rio Chiquito and the Rio de Santa Fe.

Santa Fe, July 17, 1852.—lf.

### Notice.

ALL those having claims against the undersigned are requested to present them immediately for settlement. And those indebted to him and the late firm of Isadora Hochstetler, are notified to make payment immediately, or legal proceedings will be instituted for collection.

During the absence of the undersigned from the city, Levi Spiegelberg is his authorized agent to transact all his business.

S. J. SPIEGELBERG.

Santa Fe, Nov. 4, 1852.—lf.

THE U. S. Mail from Santa Fe to the States leaves regularly on the first day of each month.

Passage during the summer months \$125 00  
winter months \$150 00  
40lbs of baggage allowed to each passenger.

WALDO, HALL, & CO Proprietors.  
Santa Fe, Sept. 18, 1852.—lf.

### Notice to travellers.

THE undersigned, Mail Contractor from San Antonio, Texas, to Santa Fe, N. Mexico, would respectfully inform the travelling public that he has placed upon the line the best kind of stock and good comfortable spring carriages for the accommodation of passengers.

The mail will leave Santa Fe on the first of each month, and arrive at San Elizario by the 11th.

Leave San Elizario on the 12th of every other month, and arrive at San Antonio on the last day of the same month.

Leave San Antonio on the first of every other month, and arrive at San Elizario on the 10th.

Leave San Elizario on the 20th of each month, and arrive at Santa Fe the last day of the same month.

This will be the arrangement for the present—but will in a short time be changed to a monthly mail.

Passengers will be taken through from Santa Fe to San Antonio for \$125, and from El Paso to San Antonio for \$100. From Santa Fe to El Paso for \$30.

Passengers will be allowed 40 pounds of baggage.

Greatest distances between watering places 40 miles. Mr. Skillman is an old hand and well acquainted with the route.

He will also have on the line a small train of light wagons.

HENRY SKILLMAN.

Santa Fe, Dec. 6, 1851.—lf.

### Laws of New Mexico.

125 Copies of the Laws of New Mexico, in volumes of 448 pages, English and Spanish, with copious head notes, and index, bound in paper covers, for sale at the Gazette office.

Price \$5 00 per volume, cash.

The above Laws are for sale no where else in the Territory.

Santa Fe, Sept. 18, 1852.

### J. W. REED, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

CITY OF SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO,  
WILL practice in the Courts of Santa Fe, and adjoining counties; and will attend to criminal business in any part of the Territory.

Santa Fe, Sept. 25, 1852.—6mo

### NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the late firm of Rumley & Aringer are hereby notified to come forward and make immediate settlement to the undersigned. And all those having claims against said firm are notified to present the same for allowance.

T. K. McCUTCHEN.

Assignee of Rumley & Aringer.  
Santa Fe, Oct. 16, 1852.—

### FINAL SETTLEMENT.

NOTICE is hereby given to all creditors and others interested in the Estate of Christian A. Muller, deceased, that at the Probate Court of the County of Santa Fe, Territory of New Mexico, on the first Monday in November, 1852, the undersigned will make a final settlement, as administrator of said estate. All persons interested can attend if they think proper.

CHAS. BLUMNER,

Admr.  
Santa Fe, N. M., Sep. 18, 1852.—tw

AN INCIDENT OF THE BURNING OF THE HENRY CLAY.—A passenger who was on board the ill-fated steamer Henry Clay, relates the following incident connected with that sad disaster:

"He had been on the bow of the vessel, and was one of the first to escape. Upon reaching the shore, he counted twenty-three persons who sank to rise no more. He sickened at the sight and was just turning to leave the spot, when he saw a little boy only seven years of age emerging from the smoke and flame on the after part of the promenade deck, kneel down and clasp his hands as if in prayer. He remained in this attitude but a moment, and then he leaped into the water. Our informant

watched the little fellow as he went under the water, not expecting to see him again. Presently the young hero rose to the surface, brushed aside his auburn ringlets, and struck out manfully for the shore, which he reached in a short time. Upon landing, he sat down upon the bank exclaiming—'Oh, these poor people! I wish I could save them!' and then burst into a flood of tears at the awful scene of suffering and death before him. What a noble heart was in that boy, who, so young, could not only ask deliverance of his heavenly Father, but feel for the sufferings of others.—Does it not also speak volumes in the praise of the mother of that boy?"

This story is related, as a veritable fact, of a Dutch justice, residing in the pleasant valley of the Mohawk not a thousand miles from Schenectady.

He kept a small tavern, and was not remarkable for the acuteness of his mental perceptions, nor would it appear at least to one of his customers much better off in the matter of 'gumption.'—One morning a man stepped in and bought a bottle of small beer. He stood talking a few minutes, and by-and-by said: 'I am sorry I purchased the beer. I wish you would exchange it for some crackers and cheese to that amount.'

The simple-minded boniface readily assented, and the man took the plate of crackers and cheese, and at them. As he was going out, the old landlord hesitatingly reminded him that he had not paid for them.

'Yes, I did,' said the customer; 'I gave you the beer for 'em.'

'Vell den, I knowsh dat; but den you haven't give de monish for de beerash.'

'But I didn't take the beer; there stands the same bottle now!'

The old tavern keeper was astounded. He looked sedate and confused; but all to no purpose was his laborious thinking. The case was still a mystery.

'Vell den,' said he at length, 'I don't see how it ish: I got de beerash—yaas, I got de beerash; but den, same times, I got no monish! Vell, you keeps de grackers—und—gheese; but I don't want any more o' your gustoms. You gan keeps away from my davern.'

'In whose principles,' said the dying daughter of Ethan Allen, to her skeptical father, 'in whose principles shall I die—yours or those of my Christian mother?'

The stern old hero of Ticonderoga brushed a tear from his eye as he turned away, and with the same rough voice which summoned the British to surrender, now tremulous with deep emotion, said, 'In your mother's, child—in your mother's. Sacred to the heart is the memory of a mother's love.'

What a meaning and unique expression was that of an Irish girl who was rendering testimony against an individual in a New Orleans court, a short time since. 'Arrah, sir,' said she, 'I'm sure he never made his mother smile.' There is a biography of unkindness in that simple sentence.

A GAME OF BRAG.—'Talk about your darned fast lines,' said a Yankee to a Cockney, who was so imprudent, in the natural way of his countrymen, to commence bragging on English railroads, while the couple were progressing at the rate of forty miles an hour on the Birmingham railway. 'Why, mister, this ere road is purty considerable for England, but it won't do for 'Meriky. We ride a straddle o' telegraphs there, when we're in a hurry, but when we ain't we take the railroad. I was coming from Philadelphia to New York, when I ses to a feller sittin' by me—who on airth owns that big garden with white palins around it?'

'I don't see no white palins,' ses he.

'I don't see nothin' else,' ses I, 'and a mighty tall fence it is, too.'

'The feller burst out a laffin'—'why you darned fool,' ses he, 'them's the telegraph poles.' And sure enough when the engine feller stopt, I saw them posts a hundred feet apart, and we had been going so a-fired fast, they looked for all the world like white palins.'

At this moment the bell rang at a signal station, before the Cockney had fully recovered from Jonathan's last dose.

'What's that bell ringin' for?' inquired the latter of his English friend.

'We are approachin' D—'

'Well, them kind of bell fixins does for these ere slow cars, but we can't use them are contrivances in 'Meriky.'

'Ah, why not?'

'Travel too fast—fact, beat sound all

to smash. We would be smack through a village before the sound of a clapper was in the neighborhood.'

'My heyes! is it possible!' exclaimed the astonished Cockney.

'Fact again, by the bolder! Why, I was on the York cars when them ere steam whistles were first tried. Maybe, you've heern of the terrible accident?'

'No.'

'Well, sir, we were going it strong. Hurrycans were no whar—all natures seemed shakin to pieces, when several miles off, something was seen on the track. The whistle was let loose, and she did scream awfully, but it was no manner of use, for after tumbling over a span of smart horses, and a big market wagon, I was just rising from a pond, when along cum the whistle holler, mixed up with some big cusses, I mind to have heern the engine man rip out when he first saw the wagon. But the poor feller was dead when his voice arrived. Fact, got the documents.'

'Extraordinary,' exclaimed the horror-stricken Cockney, 'and do you use whistles yet?'

'Bless your soul, no. Congress stopp'd 'em rite off, and now we act on the philosophic principles, that light travels an a-fired sight faster than sound, which will do perhaps for this generation.—We now tell 'em we are cumin by bursting out a light that astonishes all creation, and I reckon rather surprised the planetary system at first. When it was tried at night, the roosters on the road commenced crowing, and the chickens all got down from their roost, thinking it was daylight.'

The cars suddenly stopped, when Jonathan, having arrived at the point of destination, looked around at the astonished Cockney, nodded his head, and taking his carpetbag under one arm and an umbrella under the other, took his leave as sober as a deacon.

### Last Moments of Mr. Webster.

By Morse's Eastern line of telegraph, we have a few items of the circumstances which attended his last agony. He seems to have died as befitted a man of his greatness and intellect, and to the close of his long and eventful life—that giant mind which has stamped its impress on the history and institutions of the country, remained unbroken and unclouded. More particulars we hope for hereafter.—*St. Louis Repub.*

Boston, October 25.

Marshfield, October 24th.—Mr. Webster expired precisely twenty minutes to three this morning. During the early part of the evening, there was some decrease in the swelling in Mr. Webster's abdomen, and fewer symptoms of nausea, but no signs of rallying. Repeatedly in the course of the forenoon and early part of the afternoon, he conversed freely and with great clearness of detail, in relation to his private affairs and the condition of his farms; stating his plans fully, and the manner in which he wished to have them carried out. About five o'clock he was again seized with nausea, and raised considerable dark matter, mingled with blood. Exhaustion now increased rapidly, and his physician held another consultation, which resulted in the conclusion that his death was fast approaching. He received the announcement with calmness, and requested that the female members of his family be called in, viz: Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Fletcher Webster, Mrs. J. W. Paige, and Miss Down. To each, calling them individually by name, he addressed a few words of farewell and rational consolation. Next he had called in the male members of his family, and personal friends who had been with him the last few days, viz: Fletcher Webster, his only surviving son; Samuel A. Appleton, son-in-law; J. W. Paige, G. T. Curtis, Edward Curtis, of N. York; Peter Harvey and Charles Henry Thomas of Marshfield; also, Messrs. George J. Abbott and W. Z. Zantlinger, both of the State Department, Washington. Addressing each of them by name, he referred to his past relations with them respectively, and one by one bade them an affectionate farewell. This was about half past six. He now had Mr. Harvey called in again, and said to him, 'Harvey, I am not so sick but that I know you; I am well enough to know you; I am well enough to leave you, and well enough to call down the richest of Heaven's blessings upon you. Harvey don't leave me until I am dead: don't leave Marshfield until I am a dead man. Then, as if speaking to himself, he said, on the 24th of October, all that is mor-

tal of Daniel Webster will be no more. He now prayed in his natural and usual voice, strong, full and clear, ending with 'Heavenly father, forgive my sins, and receive me to thee, thou Christ Jesus.' At half after seven Mr. Warren arrived from Boston, to relieve Dr. Jeffries as immediate medical attendant. Shortly after he conversed with Dr. Jeffries, who said he could do nothing more for him than administer occasionally a sedative portion, and then said to Mr. Webster, 'I am to be here patiently until the end of it. Do so, may it come soon.—At ten o'clock he was still lower, but conscious of every thing that passed within his sight or hearing. He lingered on until twenty minutes of three, when death called him to his reward.

Thus has crumbled the chief pillar of the American Republic. The most painful gloom pervades all classes, and the solemn feeling that is everywhere apparent, proclaims that an awful calamity has befallen the nation.

A newly-imported Irishman was standing, with his hook under arm, at a shop window in Glasgow. The shopkeeper accosts him thus—'Well, Pat, what do you want in my line to-day?' 'What you have not to give me,' rejoins the Irishman. 'I'll wager a shilling I have what suits you?' The latter, pulling a shilling from his pocket, replies, 'It's done, I want a sheath for my hook.'

To poor Pat's astonishment and mortification the sheath was produced. A way he went to the harvest, however, leaving his shilling with shopkeeper. But, not to be beat, he called on his way home, and in the presence of a witness, thus addressed him, 'What will you take for as much twist tobacco as will reach from one of my ears to the other?' 'A penny,' was the reply. This being agreed to, the grocer cut off about a foot of twist, and was about to apply its extremities to Pat's ears, when the latter pointing his finger upward, exclaiming, 'There is one ear, but the other is nailed to the back of the head door in Dublin.' The duped grocer was obliged to give his ingenious antagonist forty pounds of tobacco before he could get quit of him.

Sam Houston's flying artillery, used at the battle of San Jacinto, was one four pounder, lashed with a piece of rawhide to the back of a Jackass. When the piece was discharged, it would throw him forward on his face with such force as to detain him in that position until the piece was reloaded, and then as he rose up within range of the Mexicans the match was applied, and away went the animal on his face and knees, and away went thunder and flame and death-dealing balls, and away went Mexicans helter-skelter.

YOU DON'T LODGE HERE.—In Spain it is the ambition of grandees to unite in themselves as many grandeeships as possible by the marriage of heiresses, whose names and titles are assumed by their husbands; whence the old story of a benighted grandee, who knocked at a lonely inn, and when asked as usual, 'queen es?' 'who is there?' replied, 'Don Diego de Mendoza Silva Ribero Guzman Pimental Osorio Ponce de Leon Gumaga, Acuna Tellez y Giron, Sandoval y Bosas, Velasco Man—' 'In that case,' interrupted the landlord, shutting his window, 'go with God! There is not room for half of you.'

A RICH RETORT.—It is said of the Marquis of Townsend, that when young and engaged in battle, he saw a drummer at his side killed by a cannon ball, which scattered his brains in every direction. His eyes were at once fixed on the ghastly object which seemed to engross his thoughts. A superior officer observing him, supposed he was intimidated at the sight, and addressed him in a manner to cheer his spirits. 'Oh,' said the young marquis, with calmness but severity, 'I am not frightened, I am puzzled to make out how any man with such a quantity of brains ever came to be here!'

FOOTE.—When Tom Weston (a famous drinker) applied to a surgeon, under a strong suspicion of his habit of body being dropsical, he was on the occasion accompanied by Foote; on examining the patient, the surgeon pronounced him to have much water lodged in the belly, and that it would be necessary to tap it. 'It cannot be water that occasions the swelling,' said Weston, 'it may be wine.' 'No, no,' replied Foote, 'if it had been wine, Tom, you

would long before this time, have tapped it yourself.'

### New Movement in Cuba.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia North American has the following:

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, August 31.

Notwithstanding the attempts, in various quarters, to treat the recent disclosures of a threatened revolution in Cuba with levity, the matter is known to have been sufficiently grave to attract the attention of the Spanish Minister here, and to have been brought to the notice of the Government in such a manner as to authorize the adoption of precautionary measures. There is little doubt that a revolutionary organization exists in the Island, and that there are agencies or branches in the U. States. It is pretty well ascertained that individuals connected with the proposed movement have recently been vibrating between New York and New Orleans, concerting plans and holding conferences; looking, as is supposed, to a hostile demonstration in the month of October. With all the secrecy which has been observed by these conspirators against the public peace and good faith of the United States in the observance of treaty stipulations, they have been tracked so closely as to warrant the belief that a new plan has been devised, and that another invasion may be attempted, unless the present intelligence should lead to its frustration.

Spain will contest the possession of Cuba, as it is her just right to do, at every hazard, and with every means of defence that can be procured by her own resources; or if need be, by alliances with other powers. A vigorous policy has been ordered, and the Captain-General of the Island, in obedience to his instructions, under the apprehended revolt and invasion, has directed that every person taken with arms in his hands against the authorities, shall be shot within three hours afterwards.—A further order has been issued, that in case any officer should refuse to execute the foregoing penalty, he shall be shot instantaneously for contumacy.

The failure of our courts to convict the expeditionists engaged in the last crusade against Cuba, has not only encouraged others to repeat that lawless enterprise, but it has created a bad impression abroad as to the ability of the judicial tribunals to administer the law in the face of a morbid state of opinion. And a very natural consequence of these failures is the audacious attempt now made to renew the experiment, and at a moment when the bad passions of men are too apt to be excited by the warmth of presidential contest.

There are a good many proverbs that will not stand a very close analysis; and some one who is of this way of thinking has selected a few examples, by way of illustration. The following are specimens:

'The more the merrier.'—Not so, 'by a jugful'; one hand, for example is quite enough in a purse.

'He that runs fastest gets the most ground.'—Not exactly; for then foolmen would get more than their masters.

'He runs far who never turns.'—Not quite; he may break his neck in a short course.

'No man can call again yesterday.' Yes, he may call till his heart ache, tho' it may never come.

'Nothing hurts the stomach more than surfeiting.'—Yes; lack of meat.

'Nothing is hard to a willing mind.'—Surely; for everybody is willing to get money, but to many it is hard.

'None so blind as those that will not see.'—Yes; those that can not see.

'Nothing but what is good for something.'—'Nothing' isn't good for any thing.

'Nothing but what has an end.'—A ring hath no end; for it is round.

'Money is a great comfort.'—But not when it brings a thief to the State Prison.

'The world is a long journey.'—Not always; for the sun goes over it every day.

'It is a great way to the bottom of the sea.'—Not at all; it is merely a stone's throw.

'A friend is best found in adversity.'—No, sir; for then there are none to be found.

'The pride of the rich makes the labor of the poor.'—By no means. The labor of the poor makes the pride of the rich.